



The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XV. No. 1

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 5, 1924



The First Night of School

BY ALICE STEVENS

Characters:

Billy Brown

Babsie Brown

The Schoolroom Folks

The History Book

The Arithmetic Book

The Ruler

The Eraser

The Paper-Wad

Scene: Any schoolroom at twelve o'clock in the evening of Labor Day.

Billy and Babsie Brown open the door and peep in.

BILLY

Whee-ee, Babsie, everything's dark and quiet. Last night at just this time I'm sure I heard voices and saw a light in the ole schoolroom!

(A clock outside strikes one, and a soft light, the color of the harvest moon floods the room. The History and the Arithmetic Books hop out from behind Teacher's Desk, The Ruler springs down from a peg on the wall, The Eraser rises, yawns, and steps down from the blackboard railing, and The Paper-Wad shoots out from the waste-basket.)

BABSIE

Ooh, Billy, all the Schoolroom Folks are coming to life! Sssh, don't make a sound!

THE HISTORY BOOK

Christopher Columbus, but I'm hoarse! And how my back-binding-bone aches from the old wound Babsie Brown gave me when she couldn't learn Chapter III.

THE RULER

Oh, my inches, didn't I give her a good slapping for it! If I didn't stay around here and keep in Teacher's sight, you folks wouldn't have anyone to protect you.

THE ARITHMETIC BOOK

I have the Goeszzinto pains again.

THE ERASER

(Laughing) Goeszzinto pains, what are those?

THE ARITHMETIC BOOK

Why you know, 2 Goeszzinto 4, 4 Goeszzinto 8, on my page 42. Billy Brown put pencil scratches there when he couldn't get them, and how they throb tonight!

Oct S 5/12/1924	Jun S 7/
Nov S 2/9/1925	May S 3/10/1925
Dec S 7/14/27/28	Jan S 4/1/18/23
	Feb S 1/8/15/22
	Mar S 1/8/15/22/29
	Apr S 5/12/19/26

Calendar

All twelve months are
Beacon months—
Excepting three,
And all twelve months
have red-letter days—
Excepting three,
Which are Beacon Readers' own play-time
'Til October brings us—
Back in line.



about compound fractions?

THE PAPER-WAD

Not a thing, except that they're on page 56!

THE RULER

Go to the foot of the class!

THE PAPER-WAD

(Scratching *The Arithmetic's* pages harshly) It's all the fault of old 'Rithmetic—he's no help at all!

THE ARITHMETIC BOOK

Ooooh, he's cutting right through my pages—I'll never have the same robust health again!

THE ERASER

Let's have a song to wipe our cares away!

ALL

Great! Fine! (*The Schoolroom Folks* join hands and dance around singing.)

SONG

School-nights, school-nights,
Dear old golden school-nights!
Reading, and history, and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of our ruler-stick!
We are the folks who really know
The inside out of What Is So!
But when clocks strike one—we meet our fate,

Or Time will mark us late!

(A clock outside strikes One. The light slowly ebbs from the room. The History and The Arithmetic Books dart behind the desk. The Ruler springs back on his peg, The Eraser rushes back to his blackboard railing, and The Paper-Wad almost hurtles through the air and drops out of sight into the waste-basket.)

BABSIE

(Rubbing her eyes) Billy, did you see what I saw? As sure as you live, I'll never break History's back-bone again.

BILLY

Wh-e-w, they were as alive as we are! You won't catch me putting Goeszzinto scratches on ole 'Rithmetic again. So long, Schoolroom Folks, see you in school this morning!

(They close the door gently as the curtain marks *The End*.)



(Running over and brushing against *Arithmetic's* pages.) Poor dear, here, I'll erase them all away!

THE PAPER-WAD

Come on, you people, our vacation is nearly over. Let's play! (He turns a leap-frog over *The Eraser* and flicks *The Ruler* on the cheek.)

THE RULER

Hey, I'll measure you for a good blow!

THE ARITHMETIC BOOK

Let's play problems, I have the answers in the back of my book.

THE HISTORY BOOK

No, charades! They're more in my line. Here are some—Mrs. Sippi and Fill-Up, the Second.

THE RULER

Why not play school? I'll be teacher.

THE ERASER

And I'll be Babsie Brown.

THE PAPER-WAD

And I'll be Billy Brown!

THE RULER

Babsie Brown close *The History Book* and tell me when the Pilgrims landed in America!

THE ERASER

In 1776—no, in 1812; oh dear I erase so many things, my mind's all a blank!

I can't learn a thing from him, he never helps me at all! (*The Eraser* hurls *The History Book* off the desk.)

THE HISTORY BOOK

(Picking himself up and rubbing his back ruefully) Oh, my leaves and binding, they're all a flutter!

THE RULER

Billy Brown, what can you tell me

OH, I had the awfulest time coming down," gasped Mary Kay as she flung her poncho on the next to the last unoccupied cot, and tumbled a bulging suitcase on the pine floor. "First my kodak fell out of the car before we'd gone a block, and then I remembered that I had left my tennis racket on the porch and we had to turn around and go way back, and then when the car jerked over a bump, the pan of Brownies jumped out of my lap and squashed all to pieces!"

The nine girls in Tent Six at Camp Keewano-Waukeego gathered about Mary, all laughing and talking at once.

"Mary Kay, we thought you'd deserted your old gang in Tent Six, and weren't coming back this year after all!" said Rose-Alba Marsh, a tall athletic girl with a jolly little sprinkling of freckles over her nose.

"What would we do this year without you to keep us up in Tent Inspection and paddle stern in the races!" cried Polly Baxter knotting her tie into a flourishing sailor's knot and poking the package of Brownies to see if any harm had been done.

"Everybody's here now! Wasn't Miss Fales darling to let us all be together in Tent Six!" crowed Merle Winslow.

"And we've got Sandy back as councilor, isn't that great?" contributed Peggy Adams, a giggly, hair-brained little girl of thirteen, and the adored baby of the crowd.

"But who's going to have the last cot?" asked Mary, as she started to make order out of the chaos on her cot.

"We don't know."

"Hope Miss Fales hasn't put in a flat tire with the crowd."

"She's late, whoever she is!"

Everybody talked at once, and guesses and speculations were still in order when taps sounded for supper. There was a wild scurry for soap and wash-cloths, and the second taps found an orderly crowd strolling arm in arm to Chow House. Mary's high, clear soprano that was the pride of all Keewano-Waukeego Sings, rang out joyously in the camp song and she slipped into place beside Rose-Alba with a contented sigh.

"It does seem so good to be back," she murmured with a mouth full of Olga's famous johnny cake. "Our chances for Keewano Cup ought to be pretty good with you to paddle a stern in the races, and Polly a crack up to bat, and Merle so clever for Stunt Night."

"And you to keep us 100% every day in Tent Inspection, and herd us into Chow on time," added Rose-Alba.

Just then there was a stir in the front part of the hall, and the little Junior Keewanos began to shout gleefully—"Sing Grace, Sing Grace!" It was the custom for every late comer to meals to stand in the doorway and sing her Grace before the assemblage of the entire camp.

Berty Butterfingers

By Alice Stevens

It was a test before which possessors of timid hearts and quavery voices quailed and every table caught up the refrain—"Sing Grace, Sing Grace" pounding their feet and clanging their knives on the table in rhythmic accompaniment.

The late-comer stood hesitantly in the doorway. She was a tall, lanky girl with arms that seemed too long for her and feet that twisted around each other in a continual motion of embarrassment.

Miss Fales arose and repeated the Grace to her in a kind tone and pitched the first note. The girl started after several false beginnings, and carried the tune in a husky, cracked voice that caused Mary to shiver in her seat. The dining-hall applauded in perfunctory politeness and Miss Fales took the girl by the hand and led her to the very table where Tent Six was seated.

"This is Bertha Butterfreud, the last but not least addition to Tent Six," said Miss Fales, "but it won't be long before she will win a nick-name like the rest of us."

Tent Six bowed politely, and Berty ducked her head awkwardly in nine acknowledgments. She tripped over the edge of the bench in seating herself and dragged Peggy's tie into the soup with her elbow.

"Oh, I—I—I'm s-s-sorry," she stammered lamely and lapsed into miserable silence. During the course of the meal, she dropped her butter-knife twice, upset her glass of milk, and spilled gravy on Polly's sweater. Each time she apologized falteringly and retired to silence until the next spilling occurred.

"It's a shame, that's what!" sputtered Merle Winslow when Tent Six sat in conclave that night on the beach.

"I don't see why Miss Fales had to inflict her on us," bemoaned Polly, "she'll be a handicap sure in our chances for Keewano Cup!"

"Well, she's big and tall, and she looks as if she ought to be good for something," said Rose-Alba hopefully.

"She was an awfully good sport to sing Grace when she was probably only too cognizant of how she could sing!" Mary added charitably.

"She's a regular Berty Butterfingers," said Peggy, rubbing her tie, "she'll be sure to splash water in a canoe, and muff every ball up to bat, and I have visions of the tent for Inspection Hour!"

Peggy's nick-name stuck, and it was not very long before the entire camp was calling Bertha by Peggy's appellation—**Berty Butterfingers**. Peggy's gloomy prophecy was fulfilled also. When Berty played baseball, she swatted and fanned at every ball and generally stumbled and fell, spoiling her best runs. When Berty was paired off with a luckless partner in a canoe race, she back-watered at the

wrong time and always succeeded in showering her companion with flying splashes from her paddle. At camp Sings, Berty's voice piped up strongly at the wrong moments, in an off-key strain. Altogether Tent Six was in the depths of despair over their new member.

It was at Tent Inspection however that Berty Butterfingers' deficiencies showed themselves most strongly. Tent Six to a man, with the single exception, would make up their cots without a wrinkle, shine their mirrors, fold their ponchos neatly, sweep the sand scrupulously from the floor, and hang their bathing suits in a neat row on the line. But Berty's clumsy hands and feet always undid their most arduous labors. She would come up from morning swim—late—and drip, drip, drip, over the spotless floor. One shoe would be left sprawling under the cot and the other on top of her shelf.

Tent Six would groan in silent unison when the Tent Inspector read their report:

"Tent Six. One cot badly made. Two shoes out of order. One wet bathing suit tossed on a stool. General appearance, untidy and disorderly!"

There never was any question who the culprit was, and although Berty looked at the floor sheepishly during the Inspector's report and would make valiant efforts to remedy her short-comings, the cot would look just as lumpy as ever, and Tent Six would continue to be—"General appearance, untidy and disorderly!"

"She's a nice kid," said Mary, "but she's just plain dumb in her fingers and feet!"

The camp term drew towards its close, and Tent Six worked like beavers in desperate last minute frenzy for the Cup. For two years the same crowd had been together in Tent Six, and for two years they had been awarded the Cup on Keewano Night. Polly came out first in the high diving contest, and Rose-Alba won personal honors for her captaining of the camp baseball team. Due to Merle's ingenuous ideas for Stunt Night, Tent Six won first place; and Mary did her share in leading Sings and composing the original camp song. But the low daily average for Tent Inspection, read off solemnly every morning to them, damped their hopes.

Then the exciting event occurred that nearly ended in tragedy for Tent Six. One evening after "Chow" Mary and Peggy decided that a little canoe trip might be in order before Taps. Sandy, the councilor, consented to go with them and the three set off light-heartedly for the pier where the canoes were docked. When they reached the landing, they discovered Berty propped up in the seat of the last canoe, reading. She tumbled out of her seat clumsily, and Sandy asked her if she wouldn't like to go with them. Berty nodded shyly and happily, and the canoe was duly launched, with Mary

paddling bow, Sandy at the stern, and Peggy and Berty seated in the center of the canoe.

There was a stiff little breeze blowing, and the canoe rode the waves heavily, showing a tendency to meet the waves in a length-wise fashion. Sandy glanced anxiously at the sky, and observed that it couldn't be a very long trip because it looked very much as if a squall was coming up the lake.

"Just around the life buoy," begged Mary, struggling to meet the roll of a particularly vicious looking wave.

"It's awfully deep out here, isn't it?" asked Peggy nervously. "And the life guards are a long ways down the shore." She twisted sharply in her seat, and with a heavy lurch the canoe turned over into the waves.

It seemed a long time to Berty before she came to the top. Then she saw only two bobbing heads, and the canoe, on its side, slowly sinking into the water.

"Quick," she shouted at Sandy and Mary, "hang onto the edge of the canoe, and turn it over! I'll dive for Peggy!"

Berty's long, lanky legs doubled into a quick twist, and she treading water rapidly as she made for the gasping, struggling Peggy. Stroking with one hand, that curiously enough had lost its old clumsiness, she grasped Peggy's shoulder with the other and made for the canoe. Mary and Sandy were clinging desperately to it, but the on-coming waves frustrated their attempts to right it.

"Sandy," called Betty, "take Peggy and make for the buoy, Mary and I will try to push the canoe over to it!"

Instinctively Sandy followed Berty's clear orders, and she struggled towards the buoy with the dazed, gasping Peggy in her wake. With Mary at the bow, Berty grasped the rear ridge of the canoe and steered it with strong, powerful arm circles towards the buoy. Hanging fast to the iron railing of the buoy, Berty with Mary's help, heaved the canoe over on its side and drained the water out of it.

Peggy was half unconscious with cold and terror, and Mary had developed a stabbing cramp in her leg. But Berty, all the old "butter-fingered" mannerisms magically gone, took the helm with cool courage. She got Peggy into the bottom of the canoe while Sandy steadied its side, and then helped Mary over the edge, and beside Peggy.

"My arm's no good, Berty," said Sandy drawing in her breath sharply with pain, "you'll have to steer going back."

The squall that Sandy had foreseen, overtook them on the way going back, and Berty, her big, lean hands steady and sure, guided the canoe safely to the landing.

"Berty, you blessed old brick!" whispered Sandy, as she helped Berty bundle Peggy and Mary into warm blankets before the blazing fireplace in Chow House. Her voice choked a little as she said shakily, "I never could have done it, and if anything had happened to any of them, I never would have forgiven myself!"



Introducing the Three Beacon Bears and Goldilocks

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Goldilocks who was just like you and I and all the other curious, hungry, tired people in the world. So when she saw the Three Bears' cunning little house in the woods she went in, you remember, without being invited and tried, and tasted, and tested until she found just the very thing she had been looking for. Now when the Three Bears came home they ran after her—and why they ran after her, and if they found her, nobody has ever been able to discover excepting—THE BEACON! They

ran after her because THEY WERE NOT good bears or bad bears, but "just right," and they wanted to make friends with Goldilocks! So we have captured them for you; Father Bear to tell you about books, Mother Bear—about goodies to eat, and Bobby Bear—about his verse corner. You are all invited to come in and make friends with them at 16 Beacon St., and you will hear about their doings in THE BEACON. You may feed "the animals" at all times with suggestions, and we hope that you will find them—like Goldilocks—"just right!"

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

Perfumes

BY MAE NORTON MORRIS

I like the smell of apples
And blue grapes in the Fall,
Of burning logs in Winter
When warm fires cheer us all;
Of soft brown earth in Springtime
When Robin builds her nest—
But salty Summer breezes
From off the sea smell best.

"Girls, she was perfectly wonderful!" Mary exclaimed as Tent Six again held conclave down on the beach. "She deserves a platinum plated medal, if anyone ever did!"

Keewano Night came, and with it a flutter of anticipation and excitement. Dainty organdies and linens were brought out from the locker room and sanctioned for Keewano's big night. There were glowing candles and flowers in profusion on the long dining-room tables, and the tents vied with each other in composing songs and singing them back and forth to each other. The laughter and joking died down to an excited buzz as Miss Fales arose and gave the Keewano Toast. In her hands she held the big Keewano Cup, and its pol-

ished silver surface sparkled in the light of the candles.

"Camp Keewano departs somewhat from its usual methods of awarding the Cup, this year," she said seriously, "there are greater things than orderliness and neatness, and we found that the high, personal courage of a certain member of Tent Six has brought their average to such a high degree, that Keewano feels proud and happy to award the Keewano Cup to them!"

In the resulting din that followed, Mary's glance followed Berty's figure proudly as she went forward to receive the Cup for Tent Six.

"Berty's butter-fingers had enough strength and grit in them after all to win us the Cup!" she whispered to Rose-Alba.

The Anxious Balloon

BY MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

Please hold me tightly by the string,
Or maybe, quick as anything,
I'll break away and sail so far,
I might get wrecked upon a star!

Puzzlers

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

I'm visiting in the country,
And there's things I'd like to know:
Who ties the cords of stove-wood?
And why won't the haycock crow?

FOR the fourth time in three minutes of scrimmage the first team fumbled. The second team came through and fell on the ball. Old Doc Rossiter blew his whistle, "See here, you bunch of fumbles—next fellow that misses the ball gets *OUT*. You can't fumble and play the game. You've got to stop that sort of thing right here and now. First team—ball to the twenty yard line—and *don't* fumble."

Quarterback Key yelled for an end-around play. Wordy Moak gritted his teeth, and made up his mind to get that ball—get that ball! Quite young, and very small, he was a ludicrous contrast to the big, overgrown Ready Key, the first-team regular quarterback. Wordy Moak—called Wordy because of his silences—unconsciously tipped a rather large and weary-looking head-guard a little farther over one eye, and pulled at his sagging sweater sleeves, as he waited for the signals.

The ball was snapped to Key, and the three backs went around the end. Whirling, Moak sprinted behind the line, reached for the ball—and fumbled!

"Rotten!" blared Doc Rossiter, and the whistle blew. "Moak, get out." A small boy crept dejectedly to the side lines. The team, cowed to a man, fumbled no more that afternoon.

Moak, slinking out of the dining-hall in his most inobtrusive way, was halted by a merry roar from Bill Ramsdell, his room-mate and one of the big men of the school. People always wondered why they stuck together as closely as they did; people who didn't know Moak, and who only knew Bill, as Bill Ramsdell, Third—of THE Ramsdells. Anyone about the school could tell how Ed Ramsdell, Bill's oldest brother, had smashed every record, and had gone out for the Olympics in the hammer-throw. It was common talk that Jack Ramsdell, Bill's second brother, had braved the Principal and the Board of Trustees, when the faculty had threatened to take away Junior Prom. And, of course, Ramsdells had always gone K O X, Lansdowne's big society, ever since Bill Ramsdell, the first's grandfather, had helped found it. And Bill Ramsdell was like that—big and broad and with what the crowd instinctively acknowledged but did not quite realize, as *savoir faire*, and personality.

As the two boys left the hall, Moak evidently in a hurry, and Bill quite as evidently trying to keep the exultant from seeming too much like an escape, Ready Key came sauntering in, boldly confident.

Wordy Moak

By Martin Moore



Moak shivered slightly, and drew his ugly little reefer about his thin short frame. "What's up, Wordy?" demanded Bill. "What's wrong between you and Ready? That why Old Doc Rossiter gave you the air?"

Bill was true Ramsdell, and knew by intuition that Moak had a grievance, and a righteous grievance, against Ready Key.

"What is it, Wordy? Maybe we can fix things up a bit. Come on now."

Just before they reached the dorm, Moak spoke.

"I could have gotten that ball," he said slowly, "I certainly could have, Bill, but Ready didn't even try to pass it to me."

Bill grunted disgustedly. Utility man, good all around everything that he was, he knew that it was absolutely impossible to miss that type of pass, unless the quarterback was playing dirty ball. It came to him that Ready Key had always held himself aloof from young Moak, and had let out a lot of cheap talk about the type of family from which Lansdowne men came, and how rotten it was to lower standards. Bill made a sudden resolution. If Wordy could only make K O X, he could forget his ignominious dismissal from the team, he could stand on an equal social footing—as if he wasn't just as good anyway, Bill thought—and he could demand the respect that was due him.

Wordy, noting Bill's unaccustomed silence, was decidedly agitated. Hunched in his little reefer, he spoke voluminously, for one of his great silences.

"I didn't mean to say that, Bill," he said. "Forget it! Only I had a sort of a chance to get into the big game, and now I haven't. But it doesn't really matter as long as you're in it."

Bill clapped Wordy on the back in his most vigorous fashion—letting his action take the place of words—and with a brief "See you later, old kid," was off. Wordy, quite heartened, went to his study, and prepared his First Catiline, quite unaware of the K O X campaigning Bill was doing before the meeting.

Two hours later when proposals for new members were requested in the most secret session of the school's most august assembly, Bill Ramsdell was first on his feet to nominate Wordy Moak. His speech was short and to the point—and the lack of the usual hyperbole pleased the majority of the gang.

Ready Key, however, was up in an instant, his face flaming, his whole big frame shrieking wounded dignity. He care-

fully avoided all direct reference to Ramsdell, but the general tone of his remarks was so insulting that a few of the Ramsdell supporters shuffled their feet nervously, ready to rally if the call came.

The general tenor of Key's remarks, was that K O X had always meant "gentleman," and he barbed each arrow so delicately that the weaker element, as always the pliable majority, began to yell for the vote. Despite the quiet fury of the Ramsdell contingent, Wordy Moak was overwhelmingly defeated.

Bill Ramsdell's face was decidedly clouded as he halted before the door of his room that night, but he grinned broadly when he found Moak already established for the night—Moak, with no conversation to offer but a sleepy "Good-night."

Feeling was high throughout the school as the day of the big game drew near. The lower middlers practiced signals feverishly, and among the strongest supporters on the second team was Wordy Moak. It was also quite evident that Bill Ramsdell of the first was putting forth extra efforts, and making himself indispensable, playing now tackle, now back, sometimes even taking over Key's job for a few minutes or so. But all was smooth along the Potomac, and the thoughts of Bill and Wordy were their own.

Then, the Day! Wordy trotted out to the side lines, little and worried, his great sweater almost concealing him. With knees hunched to his chin, he sat on the bench and strained every nerve in sympathy, as play after play was made. The end of the first half was a riot. Key was out with a wrenched knee. Groveling in the mud, he lay stretched, waiting to be borne off the field.

Silent Wordy felt in his heart of hearts

that it was a sham on Ready's part—just a blind, lest the school should discover how he'd missed his tackle. But Wordy had little time to think. Bill came scooting off the field as the two elevens raced to the lockers between halves.

"Now listen, Wordy, first chance I get, I'll run back—that pass—you know—and over center to you—then down the field, old kid."

Moak beamed. "If they'll only put me in," he said.

"Great Scott, Wordy, who else is there, with Ready gone!" remarked Bill.

The whistle blew, and no one was in position before little Wordy. Grim and determined, his head-guard still slanting over one eye, he played his most intrepid game.

Three down and eight to go—could they ever make it? Moak wondered. Then he saw Bill run back. Moak was down, his arms basketed to catch the low flat pass that Bill's unerring eye directed. In a flash Moak was off, zig-zagging down the field, side-stepping every impediment. Tackled once, he barely faltered, then off again—and over the line for a touch down.

Wordy Moak, with Bill Ramsdell, was snatched up by a rushing eager mob, and carried off in a triumphal procession. No one even thought of Ready Key. Had it not been Moak, good old Moak, Wordy Moak, who had swept the team to victory?

No one even considered Ready Key and his insinuations at K O X that night when Wordy Moak's name was brought up by a group of lower middlers. The motion that he should be elected by popular acclaim was seconded and carried, with no loss of time. Ramsdell, as Wordy's room-mate and first team man, was given the honor of telling him of his membership, and followed by an admiring horde, he set off to the study where young Moak was preparing Second Catiline.

"Oh, Moak," he called, "Wordy Moak," as the boys clustered about the open doorway, "how's to going K O X from now on?"

"Sure," said Wordy Moak.

GOLDILOCK'S CORNER

This little corner is to be an odds-and-ends corner, a sort of a Grab-bag for everybody, composed of little bits o' news that Goldilocks has picked up here and there. It is also to be a clearing-house for suggestions for THE BEACON, and the more the merrier—and the merrier THE BEACON!

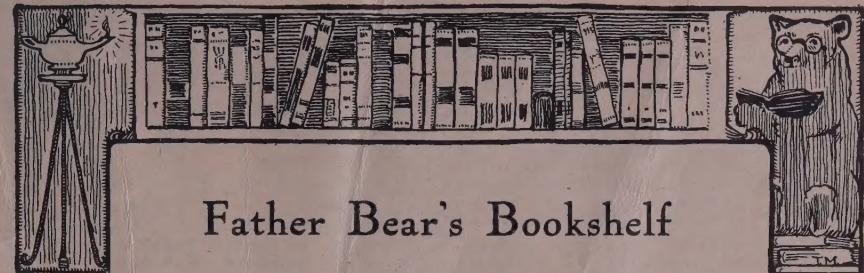
Johannes Guttenberg, inventor of printing, was born in Mainz, Germany, about 1400 A. D. His Bible was the first book printed from movable type. A book collector paid \$43,000 recently for a Guttenberg Bible. —*Boyland*.

And we must have our weekly joke which is:

Diner (trying to cut his steak)—"Say, waiter, how was this steak cooked?"

Waiter—"Smothered in onions, sir."

Diner—"Well, it died hard."—*Yale Record*.



Father Bear's Bookshelf

"Who's been reading CHILDREN'S RHYMES OF TRAVEL?" said Father Bear in his great, big, gruff voice, and then he laughed and his eyes twinkled because Goldilocks had found it so good she had read it from cover to cover. Bound in a red and black check cover you will know that—

"This little book was made for you
When travel-times shall seem
Like half-forgotten picture books
And patches of a dream."

With the appearance of a little grammar school primer it calls back fleeting travel scenes of childhood as well as schoolroom memories. If you have never been there "The Gates To England" calls back all the sights you expected to see; "Gibraltar" like "some old shaggy beast" abounds in happy, recognizable descriptive images; and "Malay Lullaby" possesses a rare, minor rhythm and melody that are exquisite. The verses seem to sing to you and you will want the volume on your bookshelf. CHILDREN'S RHYMES OF TRAVEL. Marjorie Wilson. Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$1.00 net.

Father Bear says that whether you are a Camp Fire Girl or not, you will want to read PEMROSE LORRY, SKY SAILOR. This is a third of a series concerning Pemrose Lorry and her Camp Fire com-

panions, and it is not a case of "three times and out" but three times and *best!* There is mystery and adventure a plenty and the scene is laid part time in Maine and part time in Atlantic City. It seems that learning to run a hydroplane is much more thrilling than learning to run an automobile, and you will want to fly right along with the *Sky Sailor* to the very last page. PEMROSE LORRY, SKY SAILOR. Isabel Hornibrook. Little, Brown and Company. \$1.75 net.

But O-o-hoo, Skin-NAY, run like everythin' 'cause Father Bear has a book on his shelf that is better than a circus! It's all about a circus fellow, too, Finney Foo, and his adventures in a book called RUFFS AND POMPOMS. The illustrator, Maurice Day, shows him in his clown suit and his funny Number Seven shoes; and there's a picture of him on almost every page, helping the mouse out of a scrape, chirking up the gloomy handkerchief, and carrying back a smile for little China Lady. He's there, making faces to the last—even balancing THE END mark on his toes. You won't leave until the whole show is over and let's clap hard for many more such books! RUFFS AND POMPOMS. Beulah King. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50 net.



Mother B's Cupboard

Brr-rr, m' dears, lift up the latch and walk right into my cupboard! There are three porridge-pots cooling for you, so try them and see which suits your taste.

Candied Rose Leaves

Add three drops of lemon juice to a cup of fondant and stir over hot water. Dip fine, dry, perfect rose leaves, one by one, in the fondant, and take out carefully with a toothpick, and lay on oiled paper to dry. Candied Mint leaves can be prepared in a similar manner.

Creamed Pop Corn

Mix a half a cup of water and two cups of granulated sugar and boil until a little is brittle when tested in cold water. Stir crisp, popped corn into the sirup in as large a quantity as the sirup will hold. Put the pop corn candy in

sheets of buttered paper laid in pans or dishes, and when it begins to cool, make the mixture into balls with sugared fingers and roll them in freshly popped corn mixed with sugar. Wrap the balls in waxed paper.

Ginger Gems

Ingredients—One half cup molasses, one fourth cup brown sugar, one and a half cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon ginger, one fourth cup shortening, one half cup boiling water, one beaten egg, one half teaspoon cinnamon, one fourth teaspoon salt.

Preparation—Mix in order given, sifting dry ingredients together; beat thoroughly and pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes.



Welcome back all ye members of The Beacon Club! Such a big stack of letters waiting to be forwarded on to you through my branch office—and such a small mailing space in this column. Ye Editor had to shut her eyes and choose between Iowa and California and Massachusetts! Here's hoping that we carry on a heavy traffic of correspondence through Uncle Sam's mails this year! Your humble and obedient postman,

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

30 ADAMS STREET,
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am enclosing a two cent stamp for a Beacon Club Button. I go to the First Church in Somerville and am thirteen years of age. Mr. Mark is our minister and Miss Chipman is our Sunday School teacher. I am in the second year of Junior High and would like a correspondent my age. There are four girls in my class. Miss Honors, who is our superintendent has charge of our "Lend a Hand Club." At present we are knitting an afghan for some outdoor hospital.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY SEYMOUR.

WEST CENTER STREET,
WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am eleven years old. My minister's name is Rev. Hayes. My school-teacher's name is Mr. Reed. I would like to join the Beacon Club and correspond with some boy of my age.

Yours truly,

HAROLD BAKER.

P. S. The names and addresses of The Beacon Club members who wish to correspond with fellow members:

Dorothy Seymour (13), 30 Adams St., Somerville, Mass.; Harold Baker (11), West Center St., West Bridgewater, Mass.; Erving McFadden (12), North Main St., West Bridgewater, Mass.

Our New Beacon

BY THE EDITOR

Here we are again, boys and girls, with a smile and a "Good Morning" at the opening of our school year. "A bigger and a better BEACON" is our motto. We want to keep all our old friends and to make new ones. We want this to be the best year of all our lives and hope THE BEACON will help to that end.

Do you like to make things? To work out puzzles? To know some good books to read? See if our paper offers something for you in these ways. It will bring you good stories and poems, as always. It will tell you about interesting men and women, whom you will admire. It will hold up our torch of faith, our beacon light to the world, as you will too, in your heart and life. There will be pictures, drawings, new headings for the departments—as you see. Such a wealth of good things!

In making a worthy paper, you, our readers, have your share. Send us letters for The Beacon Club, telling us what interests you in each number, what you do in church or church school that you enjoy, what hymns you like, what class work seems most worth while. Send us puzzles too. It is almost more fun to make puzzles than to work them out. Write us stories of your summer adven-

Dear Scribblers: THE CUBS' COLUMN—not because you will all turn out to be "bears" of reporters, but because you will be reporting for your own paper in an amateur way, and you will be, as the newspaper editor says, "cub reporters." The Beacon Club is going to award two badges each issue of THE BEACON for the best short story on any subject, not longer than three hundred words; and for the best poem, not longer than sixty words. We will select from the material as it comes to us each week, and we want to make this column—*your column*, just the very best in the paper! We are printing in this issue a short story that has been on file for some time, and to which we give the first *Beacon Club Award*. Here's wishing the best o' luck, and for you all to be the luckiest best!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

The Magic Rose

BY MARY A. BEALS (Age 9)

Once upon a time there was a king who had two daughters. The younger was as beautiful as the day, while the other was very ugly. Elizabeth was the name of the younger, and the older was Margaret. Margaret was jealous of Elizabeth.

Now the king loved Elizabeth and made Margaret do the hardest work. At first Elizabeth wished she was in Margaret's place, but when she discovered how much Margaret hated her, she was very glad that her father made Margaret work in the kitchen.

As Elizabeth was going through the forest one day she heard a voice saying, "Take this rose, it has a magic power. When you get home, give it to your sister, and tell her that as long as she keeps it, she will be as beautiful as you are." Elizabeth looked around and saw a small dwarf standing beside her, with a rose in his hand. She took the rose, and said, "Thank you," and went home. She found her sister and gave her the rose. Margaret took it and thanked her. The king was surprised to see such a beautiful girl working in the kitchen, and asked her what her name was.

When she answered, "Margaret," he asked her how she came to be so beautiful. Margaret told him about the rose, and he was much delighted.

"Elizabeth shall have a reward," he said; but Elizabeth asked only that the rose should be called after her sister and planted throughout the kingdom.

tures, or of some interesting thing that has happened, for our Young Contributors' Column. Tell us of the correspondents you have secured in various lands through The Beacon Club. It is our paper. Shall we all have a part in it?

So our BEACON will shed a light on the pathway of our lives—a light that will brighten more and more unto the perfect day.

Since it is fall and nutting time
We have a good supply of hard
Ones for you to crack!

PUZZLE I

'tDno uoy evlo ot erah hte sbrdi
gnSi ni hte areyl usnighlth?
yeTh ehpl oGd erhce hte orwdl aehc dya
dna paahpliy orwk rofm anwd ilt hgint.

M. A. S.

ACROSTIC

Twelve words that spell out the meaning of each sentence in four letters.

Something bright and far away
Something that passes every day
Something we go to church to say
Something that means to tear or fray.
Comes every morning
Is a girl's name
Does not mean "out of"
A place in France.

What snow does
Always
A girl's name
What little wild animals dread.

WORD PUZZLE

Find the following things in Washington:

A need, a tree, a small part of a tree, an instrument of cutting, a holy person, a period of time, a color, a measure of weight, a girl's name, a metal, a horse, a cut, and an old crone.

TWISTED NATIONS

1. Crneaf
2. Rbxueualmg
3. Wtzldnerias
4. Egerec
5. Lubgraia
6. Xeimoc
7. Aihcn

ELLEN MORSE

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
THE BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
299 Madison Ave., New York City
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single sub-
scription, 60 cents. In pack-
ages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage
provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917,
authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press